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# The Commonwealith 

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|  |  |  | Y, SEPTEMBER 16 | 397. NO. 39 |
| THE EDITOR'S LEISURE HOURS. <br> Points and Paragraphs of Things Prosent, Past and Future. <br> The Patron and Gleaner, published at Rich Square, says that in the territory between Roanoke and Chowan rivers, there will not be more than a half crop gathered. It says also that there were larger quantities of fertilizers used in that territory this year than ever before. All this brings about serious state of affairs for that section with cotton falling and wheat rising. Our contemporary wisely suggests that the farmers sow clover and small grain which can be gathered early in the spring and give time for some other crop. It urges the sowing of wheat, which we think is wise indeed. | THE SCH00L-ROOM. <br> OUR TEACHERS' WORE. <br> a nation's future. <br> Some Rambling Thoughts. <br> BY "NEMO." <br> (Copyrighted by Dawe \& Tabor.) <br> To teachers and purposeful peo-PLE:-That faint little tap on your desk for "attention" at the first session this term, will, to some of you, sound as ominous as the tolling of a death. knell. It will conjure up the pleasures of the weeks of rest, and then they will all vanish under a lurid cloud out of whose gray body will peep visions of childien who insist on being stupid when the superintendent appears, or who are triumphantly mischievous when your back is turned and strange- ly angelic when you wheel round to detect them. Really, there is little won- | Yet the wind had taken its pure swee And breath And borne it away to a room of death,Where it glided in with the setting And calmed the soul of a dying one ; For it banished of unbelief the wraith, And restored to the soul a ehild-likefith,As whispered the words which an"Consider the lilies how they grow !" You have nodded your head when your beloved Emerson wrote aboutideals and their values. But bowiny the head is not bowing the heart, and it is heart-worship alone of an ideal inlife, that will make you walk buoyant- <br> Iy and trumphantly the solitary path. Teachers are of all the people most miserable it their horizon is boundedby anything less than helpfulness to by anything less than helpfulnnss tothe nation. The four walls of your room too otten seem to sbut you off from the world ; some weary day, dear woman, when neryes bave been stran-ed almost to the sereaming point, and |  |  |

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